

THE CONSTITUTION.

Published Daily and Weekly.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

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THE CONSTITUTION,

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ATLANTA, GA., APRIL 21, 1887.

INDICATIONS FOR Atlanta, taken at 1 o'clock a. m.

Fair; warm. South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Tennessee: Fair weather; variable winds; warm.

THEY are having a lively race in Kentucky for the democratic nomination for governor. General S. B. Buckner's friends are confident that he will win, and predict his nomination on the first or second ballot.

THE black flag has been raised against oleomargarine by the New York authorities. Last Monday a score or two of dealers and manufacturers of this worthy, but much abused, article paid fines to the amount of \$1,700.

CARDINAL GIBBONS has just sent from Rome, as a present to Rev. Peter McCoy, of Baltimore, a beautiful picture of the Virgin—an excellent copy of one of Andrea del Sarto's paintings. The work is in miniature and is executed on porcelain.

JOHN W. DAVIS will be inaugurated as governor of Rhode Island on the 24th of May. He will be the first democratic governor of the state for thirty years, and the democrats of Rhode Island are determined to paint Providence a deep pink on inauguration day.

DOCTOR TANNER has been knocked clean out of the "hasting ring." A forty days' starvation is nothing new. Several persons have passed that record, but all previous performances are eclipsed by Miss Mary Baker, of Monroe, Indiana, who has not touched food for one hundred and five days.

THE annual report of the Bell Telephone company shows the gross earnings for the year to have been \$3,009,000, against \$2,760,964 in 1885, there being during the year an increase of 9.31% in the number of exchange subscribers. The net earnings increased from \$1,793,196 to \$1,947,283 and the surplus from \$1,204,120 to \$1,491,380. The reported value of all telephones owned by the company is only \$567,749, but the rental received from them is \$2,109,492.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP has transmitted the Tennesseean idyl of "Elsie" into a four-act melodrama. The play is to be produced at the Madison Square theater in New York on the 26th of the present month. The principal characters are Elsie and Lancelot, and the "illy maid of Astolat" dies at the end of the third act—a seeming anti-climax, for a four-act play. Very likely, though, the concluding act will be little more than a reproduction of the scene described by the line: "And the dead, steered by the dumb, went upward with the flood."

M. DUMAS in his recent attack on Victor Hugo did not attempt to disguise the fact that few men have ever been so worshiped as Hugo. Said Dumas: "He was listened to like an orator, obeyed like a king, revered like a saint. Those who admired him fell on their knees and worshipped him. Those who did not admire him discreetly held their tongues. When death menaced him the nation's heart stood still. When death conquered him all France was beneath a pall. The surging murmur of a human ocean accompanied his departing spirit. Cesar was 'dethroned' to make room for his altar. A saint was driven from her shrine to give him a tomb."

MUCH of the medical talent of the state is now assembled in Atlanta. The state medical association met here yesterday. The doctors will continue their learned discussions today, and tonight will gather around the festive board at the Kimball house. The Georgia Medical association is a handsome as well as a learned body. Among its members are veterans who have won high places in the professional world, and have made permanent contributions to the science and literature of medicine. There are also young men of rare promise who have the advantage of all the labor and achievements of their predecessors and before whom a future of usefulness and honor undoubtedly lies. The medical profession has always found worthy exponents in Georgia, and now it is unusually rich in talent and character. Atlanta welcomes the doctors.

MORRIS RANGER, who used to be known as the "Cotton King" in England, died in New York last Sunday. Mr. Ranger was one of the largest operators in cotton up to within the last four years. He was born in Cassel, Germany, in 1834, and came to America in 1855, going into the cotton business at Galveston, Texas, with his brother Gustave. The firm achieved success and five years later Morris came to New York and became a member of the prominent cotton house of Fatman & Co. From 1868 to 1880 he represented this concern in Liverpool, and then he began operations on his own account. In 1881 he manipulated the big corner in cotton, the first that was ever attempted on any large scale. Mr. Ranger is said to have cleared £2,000,000 by this operation. While in the thick of the fight with the "bears" he gave orders without memoranda or accounts and by his own prestige demoralized his opponents. All England rang with the excitement of the corner, and Ranger, the cotton king, was pictured and written up by the leading newspapers and periodicals of the British empire. The matter came up in parliament, where a discussion of preventive legislation was prolonged without definite result. Two years later, however, the "cotton king" found himself forced to attempt another corner in order to prevent his failure. But the "bears" had learned a lesson from his 1881 experience, and the more often he bought the deeper

in the financial mire Mr. Ranger found himself. He finally suspended, and left unsecured liabilities of about £1,800,000. He returned to New York in 1884, and has not been prominent in the market since that time.

The Streets of a City.

Nearly every argument that can be advanced in favor of a system of substantial country roads may be applied to the streets of a city. In fact, when the two approaches a high state of perfection it is difficult to tell where one ends and the other begins.

A city is a little world in itself, and its means of communication, travel and traffic should meet all the requirements of necessity and convenience. When the old Romans built their magnificent streets and roads civilization and social development reached their meridian. When Europe lapsed into the comparative barbarism of the dark ages men built their domiciles upon ragged heights, and in inaccessible places. Roads disappeared. There was no communication, little travel, and commerce and industry languished.

If good roads and bad roads respectively indicate the conditions of civilization and barbarism, it must follow that good streets and bad streets are identified with the corresponding extremes of urban development.

Without considering the matter from an ornamental or sanitary point of view, it may be said that streets should be so constructed as to render the greatest possible amount of benefit to the persons and property thereby affected. Taking this view of the subject, good pavements become of the utmost importance. When the streets are well paved an increase in travel and traffic always follows. Men spend more money on a better class of vehicles when they see the matter of wear and tear reduced to a minimum. Improvements in real estate in these days depend entirely upon the condition of the streets. When people feel like doing any climbing they go to the mountains; they do not have any fancy for it in the city. So, when a citizen owns a lot approached by a steep incline, he is in no mood to build a fine house. He wants his residence to be easily accessible. Narrow, badly paved, badly sewered streets make property owners negligent and slack. They grow indifferent about repairs and improvements. Naturally real estate depreciates, or at least does not advance as would be the case under more favorable conditions.

But the construction of regular, reasonably wide, well paved streets never fails to stimulate real estate. Louis Napoleon knew just what results would follow when he revolutionized the streets of Paris, making them the most admirable of the world's thoroughfares. Old houses were remodeled, vacant lots built up, and the improvement craze did not stop until it had made Paris a city of glitter and dazzle, in fact the most famous show city of the world. Of course every city cannot take the French metropolis as its model, but it can, if it will, provide itself with a good system of streets. There is another important point to be considered. A city's streets and the suburban and country roads should not be totally dissimilar. Substantial and convenient highways radiating from a city are of inestimable value, and they induce rural property owners to make improvements that they would never have dreamed of under a bad system of highways.

Good streets; good roads; take care of these, and both town and country will array themselves in holiday attire, and show off at their best. We see this illustrated to a great extent in the case of Atlanta. In every quarter of the city improvements have always kept pace with the condition of the streets. Every dollar that we have expended for good paving has come back to us in many ways with a big interest. When we put money in a judicious way into our streets the investment will bring big returns at an early day.

Let the People Have Water.

THE CONSTITUTION is glad to know that council has promptly revoked the recent order with respect to the free use of artesian water. The economical spirit displayed by Superintendent Richards is commendable in a public officer, but it should be borne in mind by him as well as by the city authorities that the economy which would prevent the free use of water, even to the extent of waste, is in the nature of an experiment that may turn out to be both costly and dangerous.

It should be borne in mind, moreover, that it is not intended to make the water works system a profitable investment; it is not intended that the system should pay money into the city treasury, and any economical project that squanders in that direction is opposed to sound public policy, and is a gross violation of the simplest laws of sanitation. The system has been well managed heretofore, and it is to be hoped that no scheme, or pretence of a scheme, that may be disguised under the cloak of economy, will be permitted to stand in the way of the intentions and desires of the people.

The truth of the matter is, that Atlanta has always been in a ticklish position with respect to its water supply. This has been the weak point in the site and position of the city. This is a fact that we need not attempt to deceive ourselves about. It is not only an important, but a vital fact; so vital, indeed, that there is no room for experimental economy.

Under the circumstances, the meter system, introduced some time ago, may be considered a success, but if there were no artesian well, it would be a vicious system, indeed. With the artesian supply, however, the meters are permitted to do their perfect work and the pumps at the water works are enabled to run up to the fire pressure at any moment. Thus, the artesian well is more than paying for itself, and the water works system is a source of protection.

But there are some important facts that no citizen of Atlanta can afford to lose sight of. In the first place, the question of our water supply is intimately connected with that of sanitation. In other words, the healthfulness of a large part of the city depends almost absolutely on the water supply. The two are inseparable. There are seventeen miles of sewers in Atlanta. These sewers have seventeen outlets, but not one of these outlets is beyond the confines of the city. This means that the fifth and excrement issuing from these seventeen miles of sewers is dumped within the incorporate limits of the city.

This is a very serious condition of affairs. It constitutes a problem, the solution of which the whole future of Atlanta depends

on. This condition has been greatly mitigated heretofore by the free and unlimited use of water accorded to the city. What our economical authorities call waste water is, in fact, water applied to a very good purpose. Water that cleanses and drenches and purifies is not water wasted. This is one of the elementary principles of sanitation that every intelligent man understands.

Let us look at the official figures and see how economy improves the situation from a sanitary point of view. Before the meters were introduced, Atlanta used from four to six million gallons of water daily. Since the meters have been put in not quite two million gallons have been used. This is supposed to be a saving of seven or eight thousand dollars a year; but is there any saving in it? From a sanitary point of view there is a great loss.

It is true, the board of health is entitled to as much water as it can use in flushing the sewers, but this is not by any means so important or so necessary as the continual use of water in dwellings. The meters have given us greater protection in case of sickness, but if the city is not to reap the benefit of the artesian well, the fire protection becomes less important.

THE CONSTITUTION is of the opinion that the engine of the artesian well should be run to its full capacity both day and night, and if the people do not use the water, arrangements should be made to turn the surplus into the sewers until additional pipes can be laid. These additional pipes should be laid at once. The people cannot have too much pure water. Instead of a scrippling policy calculated to economize the artesian water, it would be economy to bore another well and run both to their full capacity.

Dying in Disgrace.

It is believed that the dangerous wound inflicted upon General Bazaine, the other day, by a French journalist in Madrid, will result fatally.

Bazaine's career has been brilliant and disgraceful. More than half a century ago he entered the French army, served in Africa, and received the cross of the Legion of Honor on the field of battle. He fought in Spain and in Morocco. In the Crimean war he made a gallant record, and was raised to the rank of general of division. In 1862 he accepted a command in the French army in Mexico, and the following year was made commander in chief. He achieved some notable victories, but the attitude of our government compelled him to withdraw, leaving Maximilian to his fate.

The part played by Bazaine in surrendering Metz to the German forces, with its 6,000 officers and 173,000 soldiers, needs only a brief mention. For this unsoldierly conduct the unfortunate general was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment in a fortress. With the aid of his wife the prisoner escaped, and during recent years has resided in Madrid. Broken down by poverty, old age and disgrace, it matters little to the miserable exile whether the assassin's stab kills him. To this helpless and hopeless wreck death must be welcome.

Lieutenant Danenhower's Death.

There is something peculiarly sad in the thought that Lieutenant John W. Danenhower, of the United States navy, after enduring with heroic fortitude the most terrible tortures of an arctic search, after battling bravely and successfully for life against odds which would have crushed a heartless coward, should have come back to home and loved ones, and to justly earned honors, to die by his own hand. Yesterday morning he was found lying dead in his quarters at Annapolis, where he was detailed as an instructor in the naval academy. There was a bullet hole in his right temple, and the only words he had left were "Send me to my brother at Washington."

The statement that the immediate cause of the suicide was his fear of being court-martialed for recently allowing a ship he was navigating to run ashore would not ordinarily be a satisfactory explanation of such a deed at the hands of a brave and gifted young man. There was undoubtedly some mental aberration, resulting from his frightful exposure in the arctic regions. This made him morbidly sensitive and destroyed the balance of his strong and cultivated mind. He brooded over the fate of his friend, Gatewood, who only a few weeks ago also died by his own hand. An exaggerated sense of present trouble blurred the bright prospects which lay before him and tormented him to the desperate act. How much better it would have been if poor Danenhower had found a grave in the ice of the arctic beside DeLong, whom he went to rescue!

Knock Him Down.

The Philadelphia Inquirer says: "If a man points an 'unloaded' gun at you, knock him down immediately."

This is excellent advice, and we trust it will be universally followed. In Georgia, and in several other states, it is a misdemeanor to point a deadly weapon at a person. Such should be the law everywhere. But every man should be a law unto himself in this matter. It is perfectly right to resent such practical jokes as are played with firearms, whether they be loaded or unloaded. These silly tricks do not always end fatally, but they constitute ample provocation for a square knock down. When you find yourself face to face with a man who insists on "playing with you" in this manner don't stop to argue with him. Knock him down!

THE value of bullion silver is increasing. There is no variation, however, in the value of a silver dollar. It is worth a dollar in gold.

THE New York Tribune uses the word "prominently" in a large sense. It is a word that ought to be put in the republican museum as food for the mummies.

THOSE who remember Mr. Fawcett's prize-fighting jaw in the Harper portrait, will not wonder that he has turned on the Boston critics for the purpose of rendering them.

IT seems almost a crime for the people of Atlanta to waste artesian water; but if the sewers could speak they would bellow for a little more wastage.

A TENNESSEE editor has retired after thirty years of continuous work. As he was a newspaper man, and not a street-corner journalist, he feels a little tired.

THE project to put "rubble stone" on the weather-end of Whitehall street has been introduced in council and "referred." Everybody knows what this means. It means that this

disgrace to the city and county is to be continued. There is but one cure and that is on earth where such a state of things would be permitted.

RIDDLE is a reader, but it appears that Boston will no longer be able to read Riddle.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG'S new gun to resist torpedo attacks is a thirty pounder, and develops a muzzle velocity of 1,900 feet per second.

THE first iron boat is thought to have been built in 1770, on the river Rye in Yorkshire. It was the first iron boat made of sheet iron.

A WOMAN of Spartanburg, S. C., while carrying an arm load of wood, was attacked recently by a rabid dog, but, dropping a portion of her load, she pitched into the dog and killed him with a club.

MR. RUSSELL COX, of Halderness, N. H., who is ninety years of age, is suffering from a severe attack of whooping cough. His mother, who died recently, had the whooping cough when she was 101 years of age.

RIGHT principals of the company that Colonel Mackay had engaged for his services in painting opera in London are Americans—Emma Nevada, Marie Hestrelter, Marie Engel of Chicago, Minnie Stark, Louis Dotti, Lillian Nordica, Zeresina Adams, and Vetta of Philadelphia.

MRS. MARY SAVAGE, of Greenwood, Mass., has a daughter, granddaughter, great granddaughter and great-great-granddaughter all residing in New England. It is an unbroken line of females of five generations. Their ages are as follows: First, 84; second, 56; third, 36; fourth, 17; fifth, 8 months.

EAGLES have played havoc with young lambs in Oregon country. One of the farmers lost nine lambs in one day. The method of the eagle is to swoop down upon a helpless little lamb, knock him over, and then with its talons swoop him up and carry him away to be eaten at leisure.

PROFESSOR BROWN-SQUARD informs his students by stating that the skin of a snake is severed from the moment the skin of the neck is severed, and that the severing of the larynx produces complete anesthesia. Moreover, a blow delivered with violence upon the larynx can produce instantaneous death.

NUTMEGS.

How They Get Their White Color and Why Girls Wear Them on Their Necks.

Down in the cellar of a Water street warehouse a man was shoveling nutmegs into a coarse sack of every parcel that he faced before the jobber took an ash sifter.

"What's the matter with that?" ventured the Evening Sun-beam.

"Nothing," answered the performer. "Don't you see I'm on grading time."

"Won't the grocer charge more for a big nutmeg than for a little one?"

"Well, right here in these boxes the nuts are just as good as the ones in the other boxes. They are what the trade calls '110's'; that is, 110 nuts to the pound, and that is the way this firm brought 'em; but as a matter of fact 110s average better than that, and it pays us to pick out the big ones and then separately 'see' the largest nuts from the rest."

"What makes them look so white?"

"Time," he was shaken over them when they were all right in the morning, and for my sake quit it altogether."

The typewriter was all correct in the morning, and the "nuts" don't speak as they pass by.

CO-OPERATIVE PLAN.

Proctor & Gamble, of Cincinnati, Enter Into an Agreement with Their Employees.

CINCINNATI, April 20.—The firm of Proctor & Gamble, manufacturers of soap, has made an elaborate proposition for allowing their employees to share in the profits of the firm. The plan is to appoint three trustees, two bookkeepers and a superintendent to the firm's company, who shall twice a year ascertain the amount of profits during the preceding six months, allowing as expenses six per cent interest on the capital employed, and reasonable salaries to members of the firm devoting full time to their interests, and divide profits between the firm and employees in proportion to the capital and wages earned. The employees have accepted the proposition with thanks, and received their shares of the profits.

LEPROSY IN LOUISIANA.

A Young Man Contracts the Loathsome Disease, and Keeps it a Secret.

LOUISIANA, April 20.—A genuine case of leprosy has been discovered here. The victim is John Hastings, who lives here with his parents. He is of a roving disposition, and went west some years ago, reaching Honolulu, where he was taken sick. When his health improved he returned home. Leprosy developed after his return. He knew what his ailment was, but kept his knowledge quiet, and has been treating himself for two years. The discovery was made on Sunday last, and he is now under the care of two of the best physicians in the city.

Mr. Bancroft's Movements.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., April 20.—[Special.]—Mr. Bancroft spent the morning at Belle Meade and spent the balance of the day examining Mr. Polk's papers. These he found very valuable to him, and they will be sent to him in Washington. Mr. Bancroft has decided not to visit New Orleans, but will leave in the morning for Chattanooga, where he will visit Lookout Mountain tomorrow afternoon, spending the night in Chattanooga. He will spend the next day and night in Knoxville and the succeeding one in Wytheville, Va., going thence to his home in Washington.

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From the Springfield Union.

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Worth Makes the Woman.

From the Washington Critic.

It would, of course, be highly improper to ask a society lady how much her dress was worth, and it wouldn't do any good, anyhow. She would most likely tell you it was all worth.

Don't Be a Dude?

From the Fall River Advance.

Boston is the port of departure for Europe for sensible people. Dudes and actresses prefer New York because the newspapers give them free publicity as they go on board.

We Are All Sorry.

From the Wilmington, N. C., Star.

There is one thing we can never be reconciled to—saying "I'm sorry" instead of "I'm glad."

A REFORMATORY TYPEWRITER.

A New Worker Added to the Prohibition Machine, and Inclined to Get Out of Order.

From the Detroit Free Press.

A friend of mine owns a typewriter, and he has a man to work it. This man is so quick that, in taking letters that are dictated by any friend, he rarely needs a sheet of paper, but dashes them off on the machine. There is only one trouble with Mr. Slack, the manipulator of the keys, and that is that he takes too much drink. He admits that it is hurting him, but he doesn't seem to have strength of mind enough to quit. My friend has labored with him a good deal, with some success. He doesn't want to discharge him—first, because he is a most expert man; and, second, because he is sure he will go to the bad when he leaves. He has never yet had the deliriums, although he has come rather close to it sometimes. These near approaches always make him struggle to amend. I told my friend Brunsome that what Slack needed was a real good meal with the blue devils to make him quit the habit, and so Brunsome thought he would get up that attack himself as a sort of warning to the poor young man.

It is Brunsome's idea. I understand the construction of the typewriter pretty well, having had my own apart several times. I took a screwdriver and changed the letters. Anyone familiar with a typewriter knows that the letters can be changed merely by taking out a screw. When we got through with the typewriter it was fixed so that if you struck "E" it printed "A," and so on. When Slack came in next morning Brunsome said to him: "Slack look at his coat and set down at the typewriter. 'Matter, sir!' Nothing sir," answered Slack looking very uneasy.

"Now look here, Slack, don't try to gammon me. You have been drinking again, Slack?"

"Pon my honor, sir, I—"

"Now, Slack."

"Well, sir, not enough to do any harm, sir."

"See here, Slack," said Brunsome, taking him to one side, and whispering to him. "You've got the D. T. in you, my boy, you may not know it yet, but I have seen it too often to be deceived. Slack, you may not see makes; in fact, knowing your strength of mind, Slack, I would say it would never take that form with you. But your brain will give away; and all of a heap, too, if you don't quit right off and never touch it again. I really don't believe that you're fit for work now."

"Oh I'm not as bad as you think, sir; I assure you I haven't had anything to hurt, sir."

"Well, I may be wrong," said Brunsome, with a sigh. "If so, it is the first time."

Slack took off his coat and set down at the typewriter, slipping in the sheet of paper. Brunsome dictated the letter and Slack worked it off without looking at the MS. Then he turned up the top of the machine to see if it was right. Here is what met his eye:

"Oh I'm not as bad as you think, sir; I assure you I haven't had anything to hurt, sir."

"Well, I may be wrong," said Brunsome, with a sigh. "If so, it is the first time."

Slack drew his hand across his brow and gasped for breath. Brunsome paid no attention, but went on dictating the next letter. The click of the machine and the "rattle" of the keys were all that he heard.

"What's wrong?" said Brunsome.

Slack crumpled up the letter in his hand, and looked as if he were too frightened to speak. Finally he got enough breath together to say:

"I think you are right, sir. I'll—I go home, I think, sir."

"Do," said Brunsome, "that's a good fellow. You'll be right in the morning, and for my sake quit it altogether."

The typewriter was all correct in the morning, and the "nuts" don't speak as they pass by.

BOODLE PRINTERS.

Arrest of a Foreman and Six Compositors for Swindling.

MONTREAL, April 20.—A sensation was caused here today, when it became known that the foreman and six compositors of a French newspaper had been discharged for being implicated in a wholesale hoodluming, combining against the proprietors. For some time past the compositors in question have made fraudulent returns of the amount of their composition during the week, which were knowingly accepted by the foreman and entered in his weekly composition account. By this means the paper was defrauded out of at least \$50 a week. The fraud was discovered by means of an anonymous letter to the manager of the paper. Six compositors were taken before a police magistrate today and pleaded guilty, but at the manager's request, sentence was suspended. The fraud will entail a loss of several thousand dollars.

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BAPTIST LAYMEN.

The Conference in Nashville.—Adoption of Resolutions.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., April 20.—[Special.]—The Baptist laymen's conference which has been in session here two days, today adopted the report of the committee on the objects and purposes of the conference.

This

